

## Two Thousand Dollars Reward

By C. B. LEWIS  
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Had you asked any inhabitant of the village of Glendale over ten years of age about the widow Clifton and her daughter Bessie you would have received the following summary:

"Been a widow several years; husband didn't leave her much; house and lot are mortgaged for \$1,500, and how they are ever going to pay it off I can't see. They used to be stuck up, but have had to come down; widow sews and Bessie gives lessons in music and lessons. Some folks say that the girl expects to marry a rich man, but she'll die of old age first. She may be good looking, but what does a rich man want with a poor girl?"

It was true that Bessie gave lessons, as stated, and that dresses were made in the house. There were no relatives to come to their financial assistance when the husband and father died, and the mother and daughter had to work or starve. But for the mortgage they could have pulled along fairly well. It was their horror. They knew they never could pay it. It was so near the value of the village house and lot that if any one bought the place there would be very little left over and above.

Bessie had an artistic nature and had taken some lessons in drawing and painting, but she knew that her work would not stand criticism beyond a certain point. She had been going into the city twice a week to get beyond this point, but amid all her harassments this was discouraging work. It meant, with other things, a pinching of the family purse until mother and daughter were sometimes hungry and found nothing in the cupboard to satisfy the feeling.

On this particular day and date as Miss Bessie was returning home on the trolley after a rather discouraging day she read in the evening paper an account of a robbery at a first class hotel. The robber had got away with considerable money and a large amount of jewelry, and the victims had combined and offered a reward of \$2,000 for his arrest. What purported to be a good description of the man was given.

"If I only could come across that man!" sighed Bessie as she let the paper fall. "Fifteen hundred dollars of the money would pay off the mortgage, and the other five hundred would surely put me on the road to success. I am sure I'd know him from this description, and if I got eyes on him he should not escape. I'd."

And then she began to wonder whether he would surrender at discretion or make a fight for it. She was almost oblivious to her surroundings when a voice at her elbow said:

"Excuse me, miss." And a man sat down beside her. He was privileged to, as the car was crowded, but she felt a little nettled that he had broken in on her thoughts. It was two or three minutes before she glanced at him, and then for an instant her heart almost stood still.

"A middle aged man, smooth face, benevolent look, blue eyes, prominent nose, scar of old burn on the left cheek, large hands, two front teeth filled with gold."

That was the description of the robber in the paper still lying on her lap. Her eyes had been caught by the scar on his face. She saw the prominent nose, the smooth face, the scant hair, the large hands. She gasped for breath and was all a-tremble.

The man had a small satchel on his knees, and there was no doubt that he was leaving the city with his plunder. He presently turned to glance out of the window, and she saw the benevolent look. Miss Bessie Clifton had her man! Fate had walked him right into the car in which she sat.

It was a suburban trolley line, and she had fifteen minutes to ride. She had planned in imagination what she would do if she ran across the man, but now that she was face to face with the problem things were different. He looked like a strong man, and notwithstanding his benevolent look he might not submit to capture without bloodshed.

There were about a dozen people on the car, men and women. Some were getting off at intervals and others getting on. Miss Bessie sized up all the males, from motorman to the little country tailor with a bundle, and she couldn't say that any of them looked heroic. On the contrary, if menaced with a revolver and warned to keep hands off they would probably sit still and let the man escape. She looked at the conductor a second time to see if she had missed anything heroic in his looks, and he grinned in reply and started to start a flirtation. She realized that there was only one way to do, and after a long breath and a bracing of her feet she started in to do it. She sought to make her voice very determined as she said:

"Sir, I know who you are, and it will be useless for you to try to escape. You had better submit quietly." "Yes?" replied the stranger as he turned to her with a look of surprise on his face. "You know me then?" "Your description is right, here in this paper, and you answer to it exactly."

He took the paper from her hand and read the article, or, rather, skimmed it over like one who had read before. Then he handed it back with a smile and queried:

"So I am caught, eh, and that by a girl?"

"You are the robber mentioned, and

when we get to Glendale I shall call an officer to arrest you. If you try to leave the car before that I shall denounce you and call for help."

"I see. It appears that you are a very determined young lady. May I ask how long you have followed the detective business and whether you are a private officer or attached to some regular force?"

"I—I just saw your description in the paper, and then I saw you," she faltered, wondering when his desperate resistance would begin.

"And you wanted the reward, of course. If this is your first detective work, let me compliment you on your perspicacity. The plunder is, of course, in this satchel."

"It is, sir. Don't talk to me in this honeyed way, as I am on my guard. The paper says you are sick, but you are fairly caught this time."

The benevolent robber chuckled in his throat. He did more. He laughed outright and seemed real pleased. It was three or four minutes before he said:

"As you are the only one who has the least suspicion of me, and as I do not care about a term in state prison, suppose we make a compromise. Let me hand you \$2,000 and slip quietly off the car."

"You needn't try anything of that sort with me," answered the girl. "I want the money badly enough, but I don't propose to become your accessory."

"I was in hope you might see the thing in a different light. Are we quite certain to find an officer at Glendale?"

"Quite, sir."

"Then I suppose I shall have to submit quietly, but it does seem hard for a man who has gone through what I have to be arrested by a girl just as I was clear of all entanglements. I shall not seek to get away. It seems to be my fate."

He seemed to speak in honest tones, but Bessie did not relax her vigilance, and as soon as the car stopped at the terminus she clutched the robber's sleeve while she looked for a policeman.

There was one present. He came forward, and to her astonishment, he smiled at the robber and said:

"I see he was on the car. I have got a man to follow him all right."

"This—this man is the robber!" exclaimed Bessie as she tightened her hold.

The policeman laughed, the other smiled, and it was a minute before the officer said:

"That's a pretty good one, Miss Clifton, let me introduce you to Detective Banker."

"But, if you aren't the robber, who is?" she asked of the man whom she had terrified for ten miles of the trip.

"He was on the same car with us, my dear girl. The description given out to the newspapers was a blind. He came out here and hid the plunder and is now here to get hold of it again and clear out. I didn't want to arrest him until he had the goods on him. You simply made a little mistake, but I shall not hold it against you."

Poor Bessie went home with tears in her eyes. She had felt that the money was as good as in her hand, and to lose it and be humiliated besides hurt her feelings dreadfully. It was a fortnight before anything else happened. Then the man holding the mortgage on the home announced that it had been satisfied, and a messenger boy left a letter at the house containing a \$500 bill. In substance the letter said:

"I am not exactly a detective, but one of the victims of the robbery. I, like you, was doing a little detective work on my own account. I made more out of it than you did, as I got the man and the plunder. I am willing to divide the honors with you. As it was the first time I ever arrested a robber or was ever arrested for one, please excuse the liberty I take and believe me sincerely yours."

And the name signed at the bottom was that of a philanthropist who had done hundreds of good deeds before that one.

The Chivalrous Red Man.

Near the end of a brilliant match between our oldest university and the Carlisle Indians one of the Indian backs suddenly got away with the ball and was off down the field with nothing between him and the goal posts but one man. If the runner succeeded in getting by him it meant everlasting athletic glory for himself and perhaps a victory for his small college over this mighty institution of learning.

Containing the flower of the civilization which had swept his forefathers away from the lands they once possessed. The crowd in the stands had arisen, gasping in their excitement, as crowds always do at such moments. But just as he had almost gained the coveted line that one man, a famous sprinter, brought the runner down with a beautiful tackle. The stands rocked with relief, and the usual "piling up" of other players took place. As the two lay there together, the fair haired representative of New England, while still clasping the dark skinned descendant of American savagery, felt something fumbling and presently became aware, at the bottom of the heap where, that his right hand was being shaken.

"Good tackle," muttered the Indian. Jesse Lynch Williams in Outing Magazine.

Useless Salutes.

"I wonder," said the man of a statistical turn, "I wonder how much powder is destroyed daily in useless salutes?"

"There must be a lot," said the frivolous girl, "but I suppose women will go on kissing one another just the same."

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### The Farmer's Wife

Is very careful about her churn. She scalds it thoroughly after using, and gives it a sun bath to sweeten it. She knows that if her churn is sour it will taint the butter that is made in it. The stomach is a churn. In the stomach and digestive and nutritive tracts are performed processes which are almost exactly like the churning of butter. Is it not apparent then that if this stomach-churn is foul it makes foul all which is put into it?

The evil of a foul stomach is not alone the bad taste in the mouth and the foul breath caused by it, but the corruption of the pure current of blood and the dissemination of disease throughout the body. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the sour and foul stomach sweet. It does for the stomach what the washing and sun bath do for the churn—absolutely removes every tainting or corrupting element. In this way it cures blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous swellings, sores, or open eating ulcers and all humors or diseases arising from bad blood.

If you have bitter, nasty, foul taste in your mouth, coated tongue, foul breath, are weak and easily tired, feel depressed and despondent, have frequent headaches, dizzy attacks, gnawing or distressing stomach, constipated or irregular bowels, sour or bitter risings after eating and poor appetite, these symptoms, or any considerable number of them, indicate that you are suffering from biliousness, torpid or lazy liver with the usual accompanying indigestion, or dyspepsia and their attendant derangements.

The best remedy known to medical science for the cure of the above ailments, and conditions, as attested by the writings of leading teachers and practitioners of all the several schools of medicine, has been skillfully and harmoniously combined in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That this is absolutely true will be readily proven to your satisfaction if you will mail a postal card request to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for a free copy of his booklet of extracts from the standard medical authorities, giving the names of all the ingredients entering into his world-famed medicine, and showing what the most eminent medical men of the age say of them.

Marine Turtles.

How They Are Stripped of Their Shells While Alive.

The shells shipped from the Colon district are taken from turtles caught on the Lagarto and San Blas coasts of the Caribbean sea during the months of May, June, July and August, when they approach the shore to deposit eggs, which are laid on the sandy beaches above high water mark at night. Holes are dug about one and a half feet deep and the eggs deposited therein. Generally about three layings are made during a period of nine weeks. The eggs are lightly covered with sand and left to be hatched out by the heat of the sun. The turtles are caught either while on shore or in the water by means of nets.

As a rule, they are killed immediately after being caught, cleaned and the shell frame washed with sand. But on the San Blas coast the Indians do not kill them, but at once proceed to remove the shell by subjecting the turtles to great heat, afterward throwing the turtles back into the sea. By the application of heat the successive plates of shell come off very easily.

Turtles caught in these waters vary in size from one to four and a half feet long, with a maximum weight of 150 pounds, and the average weight of shell obtained from each is from six to seven pounds. The commercial value of tortoise shell depends upon the thickness and size of the plates rather than upon the brilliancy of the colors.

They Waited Well.

A large audience once gathered in Baltimore to hear Professor Sylvester read a unique original poem of 400 lines, all rhyming with the name Rosalind. He had appended to the poem a large number of explanatory footnotes, which he said he would read first. When at last he had done so he looked up at the clock and was horrified to find that he had kept the audience an hour and a half before beginning to read the poem they had come to hear. The astonishment on his face was answered by a burst of good humored laughter from the audience, and then, after begging all his hearers to feel at perfect liberty to leave if they had engagements, he read the Rosalind poem.

No Mistake.

The editor was apologizing over the telephone for an annoying typographical error in his paper.

"In our account of the meeting at which you were chairman last night, colonel," he said, "we tried to say, 'Following is a detailed report of the proceedings,' but it appeared in print, as perhaps you have noticed, 'Following is a detailed report' and so forth. Mistakes of that kind, you know, will."

"It may have been an accident," interrupted the man at the other end of the wire, "but it wasn't a mistake. You sidetracked most of the report."—Chicago Tribune.

Antismoking Edicts.

Strenuous efforts have been made in times past to stamp out smoking. Among the rules of an English school in 1629 it was laid down that "a master must be a man of grave behavior, neither papist nor Puritan, no hunter of sieghouses and no puffer of tobacco." In Turkey, where the pipe is now omnipresent, former sultans made smoking a crime, and offenders were punished by having their pipes thrust into their noses, while in Russia a royal edict ordered the noses of the smokers to be cut off.

The Real Glutton.

Benevolent Old Lady (to little boy in street)—Why—why, little boy, how did you ever get such a black eye? Small Boy—Me and Sammy Jones was fighting for an apple in school, an' he smashed me. Benevolent Old Lady—Dear, dear, and which gutted got the apple? Small Boy—Teacher, ma'am.

Talent's Triumph.

"What's the difference between talent and genius?" "Talent makes money oftener than genius does."—Detroit Free Press.

### NIGHT ROBES.

They Were Once Very Gorgeous and Worn in the Daytime.

In the middle ages night robes, as a general thing, were unknown luxuries. Under the Tudors royalty and nobility had them made of silk or velvet, and, as the old books say, "hence no washing was necessary."

A night robe of black satin bound with black taffeta and edged with velvet of the same color was daintily fashioned for Anne Boleyn.

More luxurious still was one owned by Queen Bess. It was of black velvet, fur lined, and greatly offset by flowing borders of silk lace. And in 1588 her majesty gave orders that George Brodighman should deliver "three-score and six best sable skyrnes, to furnish us a night gown." Four years later her highness orders the delivery of "twelve yards of purple velvet, friezed on the back syde, with white and russet silke," for a night gown for herself and also orders the delivery of fourteen yards of murrey damask for the "makynge of a night gowne" for some one else.

Night gowns for ladies of a later period were called "nyght vails." In Queen Anne's time it was the fashion to wear them over the customary dress in the streets in the daytime, when out on a pleasure walk. And, as was fitting, ladies who indulged in night-caps had them also made of silk or velvet, with "much pretty garnishing of lace and glittering cords," and the fair ones made presentation of costly caps to each other as tokens of respect or affection.

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